

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER VII. IN A STIFF BREEZE.

"What remains of her is suck on a coral recf in the South Seas." "Wrecked!" cjaculated Hal; "and der in her clear, musing ones. were you on board, Mr. Vane?"

Vernon Vane nods. "My!" sighs Hal, enviously.

"Don't envy me," says Vernon Vane, with his short laugh; "a wreck is a very interesting thing to read about, but it is the most uncomfortable nuisance imaginable in reality, Hal. cockle-shell of a boat half full of with three loaves of bread, a quart of fresh water, and a box of sardines be- her answer. tween nine men. I used to believe in account, and I've lost faith in their

As he spoke he looked at Hal, but eyes. Jeanne leaned forward, listening intently, and although her eyes were and as full of wonder as Hal's.

himself to be?

"You did not tell us anything of queer." elbow and looking up at her; "I did not think it would interest you, or I turns to the would have done so. Besides, running | heels and staring at the sky. a yacht on a coral reef does not redound to my credit, and you might have refused to permit the presence of such an unlucky sailor on board the Nancy Bell."

Jeanne smiled.

"I did not think you would come," "And I knew that I should," he said, coming a little nearer to her, but still keeping a wary eye on the sail. "I could not have refused, though perhaps it would have been wiser,"

he added, almost absently. "Do you think I shall run you on a reef, then?" said Jeanne, naively. "You may," he said, looking up at this coast-there are other reefs than Newton Regis owns, Miss Jeanue." He spoke half-jestingly, but the smile that slightly curved his lip was the thirsty greediness of her young

Jeanne looked at him musingly, innocently.

the helm." she said. He shook his head.

"No, I am a bad pilot," he said. "I am too fond of drifting; I have been arifting all my life, until I drifted into Newton Regis harbor." "There is no harbor at Newton

Regis." said Jeanne, still innocently, meaning in his words.

of that," he answered, in a low voice; the sand. "at least, that there is no harbor for

A woman of the world would have understoood him, or have divined his hand is laid on her own. meaning, and would have blushed and turned away; but Jeanne, child-woman only as yet, neither blushed nor summer time. turned away, but sat leaning forward and looking at his handsome and to the dry sands. rather sad eyes, with a gleam of won-

He looked at her for a moment, then he pulled a short pipe from un- portance, a tempting pie. der his jersey. "Is this permitted,

Jeanne?" Jeanne nodded. "Ah, now you're a complete fisher man, Mr. Vane!" exclaimed Hal, kick-There's no romance in sailing in a ing up his legs. "Jeanne, I wonder got if aunt had guessed the pie was decoration. This would be nice in what the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames in the bottom of the hamper.' water, without sails or compass, and | would say if he could see us now!" Vernon Vane looked at Jeanne for small cloth on the pebbles.

> ment, and Vernon Vane looked back "Yes, I'll take some pie, though the at Hal, with a gleam of relief in his receiver is as bad as the thief."

"He'd be horrified," said the boy. lowered, her mind was hard at work ill, Mr. Vane, for a pound. Those aw- three young people who can sit and Who and what was this mysterious knocked about as you have, Mr. Vane: if it were really summer time. stranger who seemed to have had I'd like to see the honorable in a jersuch experience, and to be possessed sey and high boots, Jeanne, it would gry, and a fashionable belle would of such varied talents. Artist, music- be awful fun to get Maud and Geor- have looked at Jeanne's hearty lunch ian, sailor; what else would he prove gina on board one day when the wind with wonder and envy. But there is no is blowing a bit fresh; they'd turn London belle here. Hal is too much

this last night," she said, dreamingly. But Jeanne merely smiles at this one but himself, and Vernon Vane is "Did I not?" he said, turning on his truly comic picture of the Misses the only one to criticise Jeanne's ap-Lambton's discomfiture, and Hal re- petite. He, lying against a rock, does

"Tell us some more about the South Seas and the wreck. Mr. Vane." he says presently, and Vernon Vane

good-naturedly complies. It does not amount to much-his recital-but somewhow he manages to bring before them, as readily as if he were painting a picture, the incidents of a long voyage, the strange birds and flying fish, the low-lying islands and their inhabitants, and the terrible storm which sent their yacht scudding on to the reef and destruction; it is not much; he does not mention himself more than once or twice, but the boy lies motionless, her intently; "but not on a reef off wrapped in a delightful awe; and Jeanne-well, Jeanne silently watches the handsome face, and drinks in

Everything about this stranger, lying so cozily and naturally at her "Then you had better come and take feet, with his head resting on his arm, and his dark eyes, now glancing into hers, is strange and wonderful. The feeling that came over her last night when he played that sweet music, takes possession of her now, when

"But I am tiring you?" She starts with an unwonted dash but a little puzzled by the hidden of color in her beautiful face, and says, shyly:

"Well, that's all, I think." "Then let us make for the cove," says Hal, with a long breath of en doyment. "We're not going back, Mr. A MODEL VERY ATTRACTIVE FOR

f his own voice, for he says:

But apparently he has grown tired

Vane. The cove lies around to the "We have brought some luncheon," xplains Jeanne. "Hal always gets so

ungry."

"Oh," remarks Hal, "only me, of course! and we generally run into that little cove there."

"All right," says Vane, turning to his sail, and presently, with a masterful sweep, Jeanne brings the Nancy Bell around, and and they pass swiftly into the sheltered nook.

Vernon Vane lowers the sail, seizes the hawser, and jumping into the "I have almost become convinced shallow water, draws the boat onto Hal hands out a suggestive-looking basket, and then Jeanne, standing on

tiptoe, prepares to leap, but a strong "You will get your feet wet," says Vernon Vane; "and this is not the

And he lifts her by the elbows on Then Hal extracts from the square basket, first a packet of sandwickes. then more slowly, and with some im-

"Which," he says, with a grin, "! found straying about the pantry. There's a bottle of claret for you, Mr. Vane-Uncle John put it in with his and 20 years, is here depicted. Blue compliments-and there's a lump of crepe de meteor was used for its decake for me, which I shouldn't have velopment, with bead embroidery for

Jeanne laughs as she spreads a dery in colors. The 16 year size will "Hal appears to be trying his hand with 3 yards of ribbon or material 5 "What should he says?" she asked, at the pirate and smuggling business inches wide, for the sash. Width o wrecks until I had one on my own quietly, without a trace of embarrass- in real earnest," said Vernon Vane, skirt at lower edge is 11/2 yard.

> Jeanne also vouchsafes to share in silver or stamps. Hal's spoils, and presently the sea-"I'll be bound he's no sailor. He'd be gulls look down wonderingly at these ful swells always are; they haven't eat their luncheon in the open air, as

> > Hal is not the only one who is hunoccupied to pay any attention to any enjoyment and admiration which are something more than artistic. Upon him falls the spell of which he was conscious last night. Is it her beauty that moves him so, or her innocence

> > and unwordliness? Should he, if he were to go back to that world which he has forseworn, forget her? As he asks himself the question

Hal lays down the knife and fork and looks around at the sea.

"There's a stiff breeze springing 4 years. A 2 year size will require up," he says, "and it begins to feel 3% yards of 27 inch material for the "We must be going," says Jeanne, yard for the Drawers.

Empty dishes do not take long to batiste, dimity, chambrey or gingham, pack, and in a few minutes the ham- A pattern of this illustration mailper is on board; but while they have ed to any address on receipt of 15c. the deep, low music of the voice with been lunching, the sea has been creep- in silver or stamps. ing upon them, and the Nancy Bell ies in deeper-water.

> "Jump on my back, Hal," says Vernon Vane, and he deposits the boy on the bow and comes back for Jeanne. Jeanne looks at him and then at the Address in full: water. "I will carry you," he says. She hesitates a moment, then he lame . lifts her as easily as if she were a child, and strides toward the boat. For a moment, before he sets he lightly down in her place at the helm. he pauses. Jeanne's arm is round his

not looked at that face since he took of patterns to 15c. each. her up, but suddenly he glances down -And the Worst is Yet to Come and their eyes meet. It is only for a moment, but Jeanne's eyes droop and her lips quiver with the same thrill that ran through her on the preceding evening, and he

> is he sets her lightly down. Then he pushes the boat into the is a little higher than normal. deep water, and climbs into her as she glides; and they set off for home. It has been easy work running, but they have to tack now, and the sail monkey fur, is for fringe and borders. able place in literature. On his way flaps backwards and forwards as the wind catches her. Jeanne's hands seen on many of the French dresses. tured, and held prisoner in England grasp the helm more firmly, and her eyes are gravely set upon the cliffs. She does not once look toward Ver non Vane, until a sudden gust blows trimmings are features of the winter to fall in love with Lady Joan Beau the sail straight against the mast, mode. and nearly sweeps the boat to the water's edge; then she says, quietly: "There's going to be a storm." Vernon Vane looks up at the sud-

enly darkening sky and neds. "You know the coast?" he says. "Yes," says Jeanne, pushing back her hat and grasping the helm:

fore the wind." There is no hesitation in her voice and certainly no fear, though even sleeves which flare in bell shape at while she has been speaking, the sea, the has grown lumpier and shows its coam-teeth, and the Nancy Bell heels er to the water's edge. "Now we shall see her go!" exclaims Hal, excitedly. "Jeanne will show Mr. Vane what the Nancy Bell

(To be continued.)

"No-no! I was listening. Please go Fashion Plates.



Pattern 3101, cut in 3 Sizes: 16. 18, brown, satin or crepe, with embroirequire 5% yards of 36 inch material,

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Pattern 3441 is here portrayed. Dress, 1% yard for the Slip, and 1 looking up at the sky, which has been Muslin, cambric or nainsook, would gradually growing overcast by little be good for slip and drawers. The

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> High funnel-shaped collars are A redingote street costume of brown duvetyn has a vest of morocco red. was not too rigorous and gave him Soft gathers, hip sashes and side Charming blue-and-white-checked

ginghams are trimmed with rickrack finely-wrought love poem, "The King's Sports skirts of white Canton crepe are worn with dark duvettyn coats. One evening gown combines silver

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Royal Authors.

The Queen of Roumania, who i rehearsing her own play, is the lat- white under his breast." est in a long list of Royal writers which includes David at one end of was undoubtedly Henry VIII., for his time and George V. of England at polemic against Luther, extended the

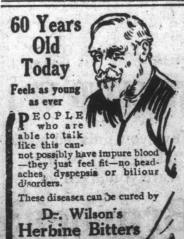
And between the reputed psalms of King David and the collected speech- monarch since it was bestowed by es of King George there are to be Leo X. in 1521. James I. of England, found royal writers dabbling in every as well as James I. of Scotland, was kind of authorship from classical a prolific writer, his best-known work poetry to "ad." writing.

James I. of Scotland, who wrote a poem that has become a classic, occupies naturally the most considerto France to be educated he was capfor eighteen years. His captivity opportunity to read Dan Chaucer and fort, a combinattion of events that made literature the richer by his Quair."

His household, too, was a nest o royal singing birds. Three of his six daughters became famous; Marguer ite, married to a neglected Dauphin Duchess of of Bretagne, wrote a fine elegy on Marguerite's death; whilst Bleanor, who married an Austrian archduke, became the accepted model for German authors by her translation into the venacular of an old It must not be forgotten, too, tha

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'Mercurius Politicus" of June 28th

editations were the work of John Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, "to vindi-

ished a work of which he was supwhose hands it fell handled it with tact as well as truth, for his critique ran: "If this work is by His Majesty, it is above criticism; if it not, it is beneath notice." Stafford's Phoratone contains

often been too kind to kings, and

have ascribed to them credit which

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